

DELL

SEPT.-OCT.

Still 10¢

Huckleberry Hound





HUCKLEBERRY HOUND BEACH-BOUND HOUND



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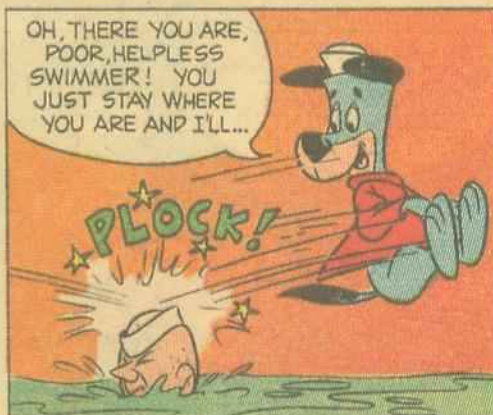
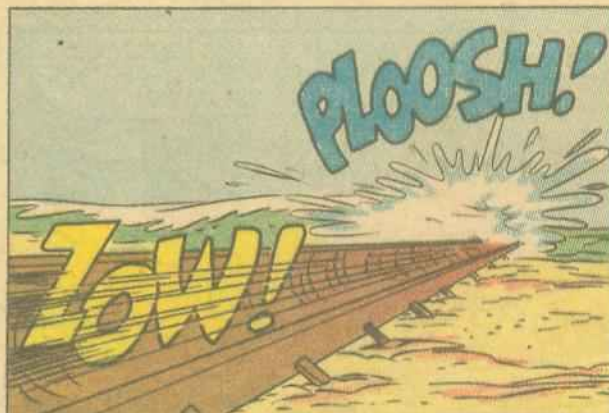
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So, IN SHORT ORDER...









MEANWHILE, NOT TOO FAR OFFSHORE...



DAWGNAB IT, I DON'T FEEL LIKE I'M EARNING MY WAGES JUST SITTING HERE DOING NOTHING BUT FREEZING! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO KEEP BUSY!



I KNOW! I'LL FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO GET PAST THAT POUNDING-TYPE SURF IN CASE SOMEBODY WANTS TO BE RESCUED!



I'LL MAKE A SORT OF DIVING BOARD JAMMED BETWEEN THESE ROCKS WHICH SHOULD GET ME PAST THE BREAKERS, MAYBE!



BY AND BY...

BY GOLLY, I'D SAY THAT'S A FAIR JOB OF CONSTRUCTION! MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE BEEN A BUILDER OF BRIDGES AND SUCH!



GUESS MAYBE JUST TO KEEP BUSY, I'LL TRY 'ER OUT!



NOW, JUST SUPPOSING I HEARD A POOR, HELPLESS-TYPE SWIMMER HOLLERING FOR HELP OUT THERE IN THE CRUEL SEA—



ALL I HAVE TO DO IS RUN OUT ON THE HUCKLEBERRY SPECIAL LIFESAVING AND DIVING BOARD!



THEN I'D HOLLER—DO NOT DESPAIR, POOR, HELPLESS-TYPE SWIMMER! I AM COMING TO...





MEANWHILE...

WE SURE HOODWINKED THOSE COAST GUARD SWABS! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GO AROUND THE POINT TO RIP TIDE BEACH AND PICK UP THAT LIFE PRESERVER!

YEAH! IT SHOULD'VE FLOATED CLOSE TO SHORE BY NOW!



HEY, FEEL THAT? THE WIND'S STOPPING! IF IT CHANGES TO AN OFF-SHORE WIND, THE LIFE PRESERVER'LL BE BLOWN OUT TO SEA!

HURRY UP!



GREAT HOPPIN' HALIBUT! SOMEBODY'S OUT THERE FLOATING IN THE LIFE PRESERVER!

HEY, YOU!



BRING THAT LIFE PRESERVER IN! IT BELONGS TO US!

GEE, WISH I COULD, BUT I'M TOO TIRED TO MOVE A FINGER! HONEST! LET ME REST A BIT!



LISTEN! YOU BETTER GET OVER BEING TIRED IN A HURRY...OR ELSE!

OR ELSE WHAT, IF I MAY ASK?



TH-THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT YOU SAID! I'M KINDA UN-TIRED NOW, COME TO THINK OF IT!



HE'S NOT MAKING ANY HEADWAY! IT'S THIS OFF-SHORE WIND!

WE BETTER GET THE BOAT AND PICK HIM UP!







YOGI
BEAR

A BRUTE OF A BEE

BUZZZZ!

LOOK, BOO BOO!
A HONEY BEE!

LET'S MAKE A
RUN FOR IT,
YOGI! MAYBE
HE DIDN'T
SEE US!

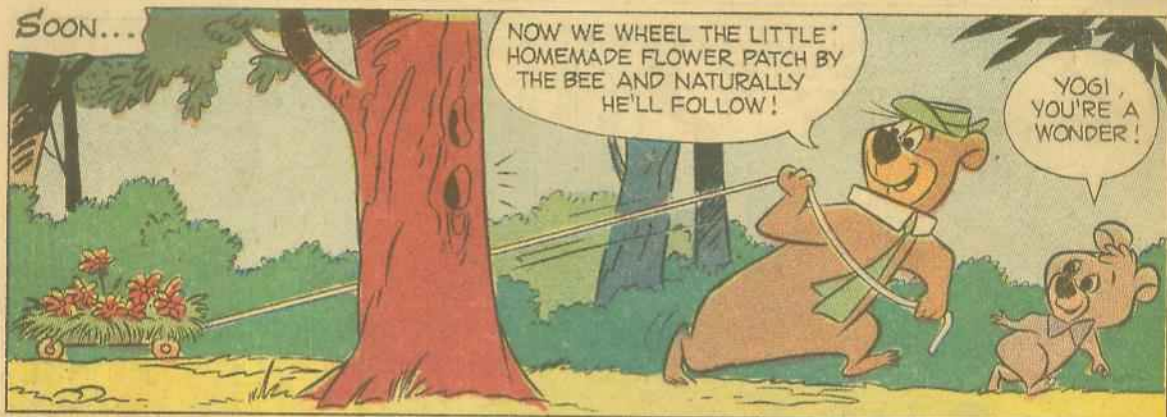






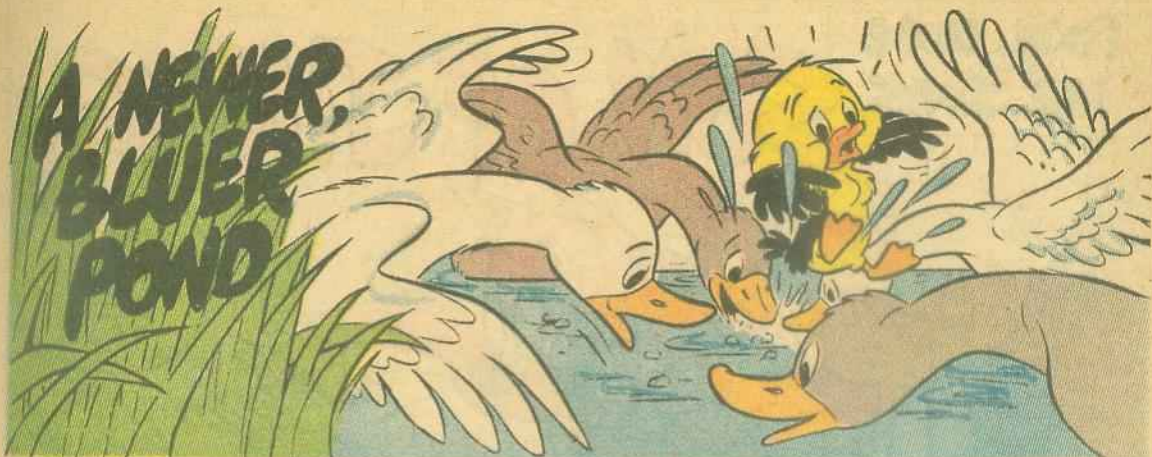












Biddy Buddy had been swimming from one end of his quiet, blue pond to the other all morning. He should have been a most happy fellow, but the tiny duckling kept dreaming of bluer waters and more excitement.

"I'll bet there is a pond somewhere that would be much nicer, where more things happen, and where the water would be cooler and bluer than in this old pond," he quacked discontentedly. "I wish I could find it."

"Ahem," honked a large mallard partially hidden among the willows. "I couldn't help overhearing you. I know just the place you are looking for. I'm on my way there now, if you would care to accompany me."

"I sure would," squawked Biddy Buddy excitedly. Then, kicking his little webbed feet furiously, fluttering his wings, and skimming over the water until he was going fast enough for a take-off, he turned south to follow Mr. Mallard.

It seemed as if they had been flying for miles when Mr. Mallard swooped low and glided in for a landing on a small green knoll at the edge of a crystal-blue pond.

It looked like a painting to Biddy Buddy as he, too, glided in for a landing and planted his feet firmly on the ground again.

"Well, here we are. You're on your own now," said Mr. Mallard, as he joined a group of ducks who apparently had been waiting for him to arrive.

Biddy Buddy nodded his thanks. Everything was exactly as he had hoped: blue, blue water; green, green grass; ducks everywhere; and excitement around every corner.

Biddy Buddy suddenly realized that he was hungry, so he decided to search for a tasty tidbit along the edge of the water. He

waddled over to the bank and dove in with a splash. When he bobbed to the surface, he saw some children running to the edge of the pond, laughing and shouting and throwing popcorn into the water.

Biddy Buddy splashed about excitedly. All he succeeded in doing was to create a small whirlpool, and he found himself going 'round and 'round in circles.

Then, before he knew it, he was surrounded by ducks of all sizes. They were quacking and honking and snapping at the white bits floating on the surface of the water. As fast as the kernels fell onto the pond, the ducks snapped them up in their hungry bills. Biddy Buddy was pushed from side to side by the larger birds, and he was not able to catch any of the fluffy white popcorn.

Paddling over to the bank, Biddy Buddy flapped up out of the water, where he thought he would be safer, and landed right in the middle of a football game. He scooted as fast as his short duck legs could scoot, back to the water. With his luck, he might end up becoming the football.

Splash! "Safe at last," he panted. He was still gasping for air when he was bumped by a motorboat skimming across the pond.

Puffing and panting, quacking and paddling, the little duckling finally managed to swim to the safety of a garden of lily pads. He floated there in the quiet water until he had recovered from his adventures in the new pond.

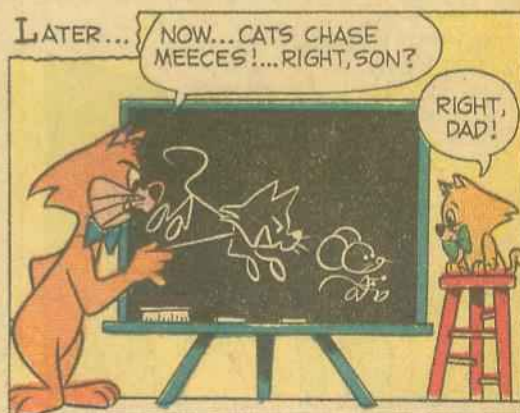
"Mother told me that the water only looks bluer in the other fellow's pond," he quacked, as he winged his way back home to his own pond in the wildwood—a tired and wiser Biddy Buddy.

PIXIE, DIXIE
and
MR. JINKS

SON OF JINKS







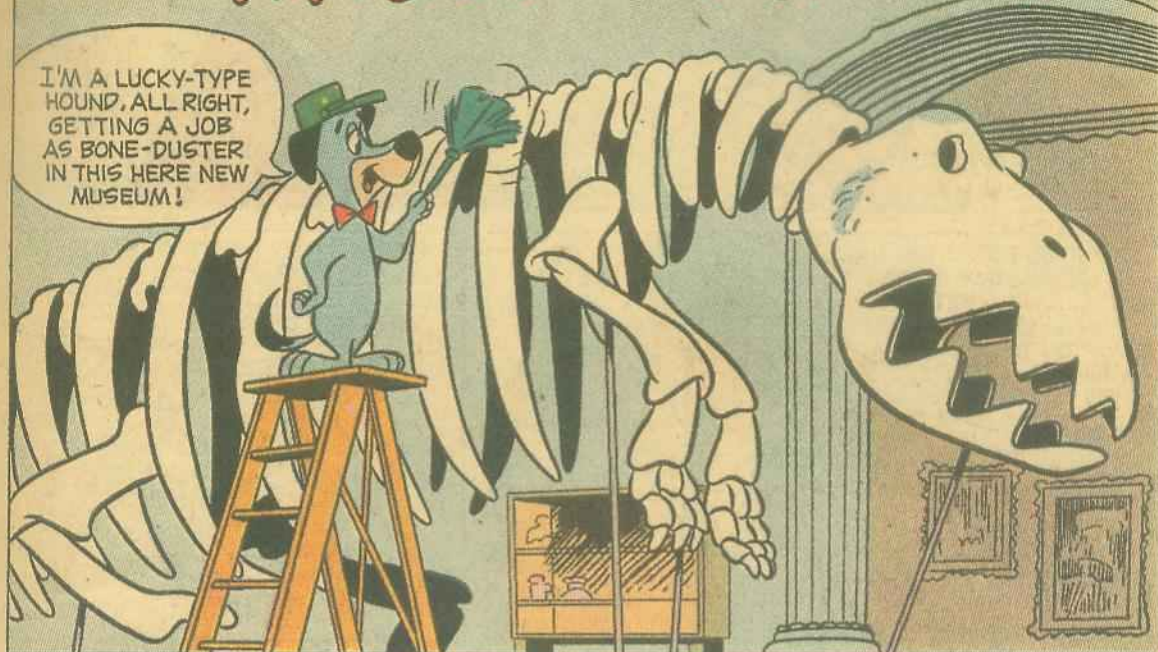




**HUCKLEBERRY
HOUND**

MUSEUM MIX-UP

I'M A LUCKY-TYPE
HOUND, ALL RIGHT,
GETTING A JOB
AS BONE-DUSTER
IN THIS HERE NEW
MUSEUM!



LET'S SEE...THERE
WAS SOMETHING I
WAS SUPPOSED TO
BE CAREFUL OF
WHEN DUSTING THIS
CRITTER! NOW
WHAT WAS IT?



CLACK!

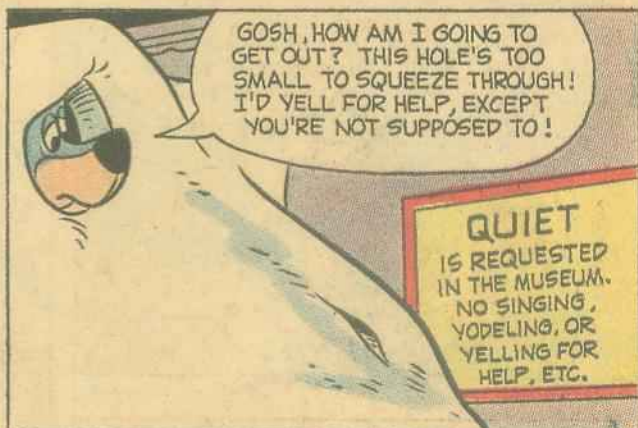
OH, NOW I
REMEMBER!



IT WAS NOT TO DUST INSIDE HIS
JAWS, 'CAUSE THEY'RE BALANCED
SO'S TO SNAP SHUT IF
SOMETHING GETS INSIDE 'EM!



GOSH, HOW AM I GOING TO
GET OUT? THIS HOLE'S TOO
SMALL TO SQUEEZE THROUGH!
I'D YELL FOR HELP, EXCEPT
YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO!



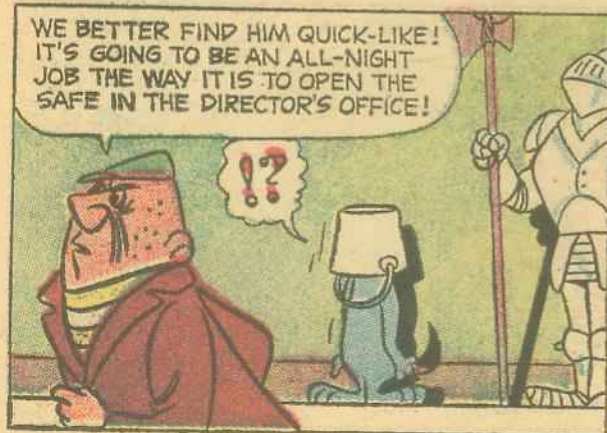
QUIET
IS REQUESTED
IN THE MUSEUM.
NO SINGING,
YODELING, OR
YELLING FOR
HELP, ETC.

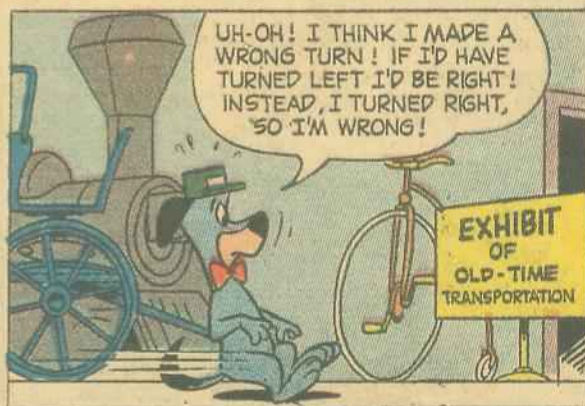
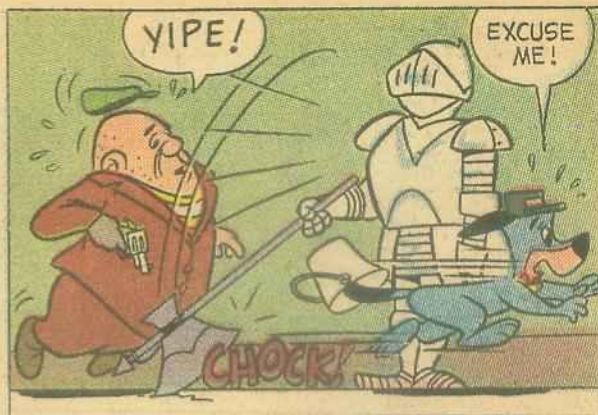


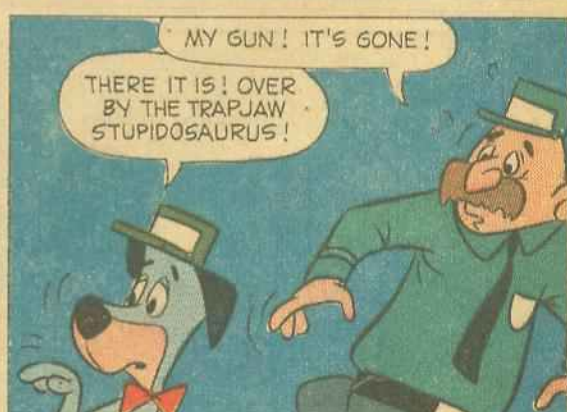
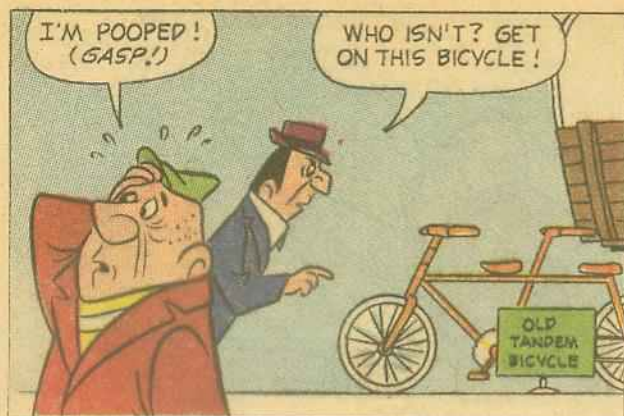


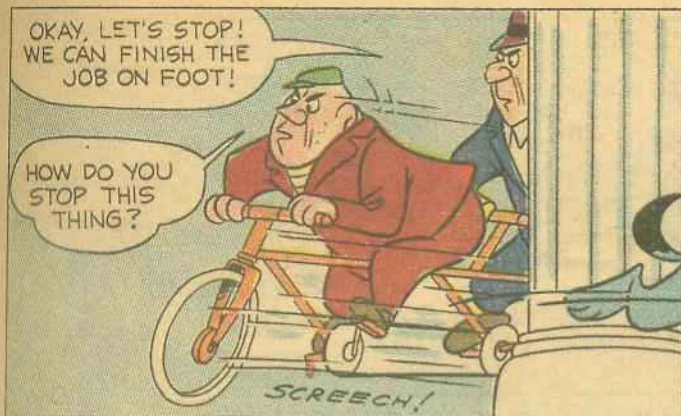
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW! THAT THUD UN-JAWED THE JAW!



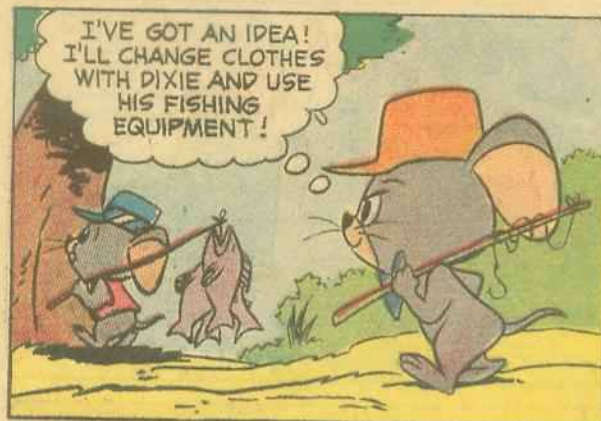








PIXIE and DIXIE SOMETHING FISHY



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